

THE DAILY REBEL.

Office on Market Street, over the Bank of Tennessee.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 14, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

On all hands the military situation in the South West seems to be confined to cavalry practice, partisan raids, and fat-of skirmishes, since we drove back the enemy before Vicksburg, and crippled the right foot of the army of Rosecrans, in front of Murfreesboro.

In Middle Tennessee the Yankees are as dumb as door-posts. The troops which fought the late battle are fearfully cut up, and intelligent parties from the front state, that Rosecrans cannot advance for some weeks to come. On Sunday morning our cavalry dashed down the Manchester and Shelbyville pikes toward Murfreesboro. They found a party of the enemy on picket duty at Stone's river bridge, two miles this side on the latter road and at the first toll-gate on the former. As they approached the enemy fired and fell back rapidly leaving several "tokens" of our victory behind them. The party of reconnaissance then withdrew.

It is rumored that the Yankees have burned three houses near Murfreesboro, including several barns and stables.

Col. Richardson, with his regiment of Partisan Rangers, dashed into Memphis on the 25th ult., pulled down the Lincoln flag and placed the Confederate flag in its stead—drove out three hundred head of cattle—captured several prisoners and protected the streets so as to enable the citizens to take out an immense quantity of salt and other articles. The Lincoln forces (which amounted to about two regiments) immediately ran to their fortifications, leaving the heart of the city entirely unprotected, enabling our little squad to do as they pleased.

Jeff Thompson is at Middle Bend; that place, Island No. 10, and Hickman have been evacuated by the Confederates and our cavalry forces are doing good service at these points.

When our cavalry dashed over the river, neighbors, and others came with the same stick, ran to Fort Pickering to take shelter in the redoubt.

Capt. Reynolds of the 21st Mississippi Regt., who lives near Memphis, and has been there for the last five or six weeks, asserts the above to be substantially true.

Capt. Reynolds also informs us that Col. Ryley, of another Partisan Ranger Regiment, was in the neighborhood of Collierville Depot, doing fine service—that he had informed Gen. Grant that he had twenty prisoners whom he would hold as hostages, and in the future he would burn one prison for every house that was burned by his men in Memphis. Since that correspondence was had no houses have been burned in the city.

LATER.

Postscript: since writing the above we have a letter from Shelbyville, which states that reports reach that city, indicating the withdrawal of a division of Rosecrans' army from Middle Tennessee. "If this is so," says our correspondent, "it means either that the condition of their troops after the late encounter is too demoralized to repeat the experiment of an advance, and therefore requires a change of air, or else the enemy intends no further operations in this quarter, content to hold Nashville, and the country immediately adjacent." We do not credit this rumor, which, like most of those current in camp, owes its reliability to very uncertain grape-vine communication. It is also reported—doubtless in like manner—that Gen. McCook is dead.

The official report of Rosecrans says that "the forces of Bragg were driven with slaughter from the entire possession of Middle Tennessee." The Nashville papers, however, are not so sure of this. The falsehood of the Yankee report of the capture of Vicksburg is beginning to be detected in the North, and creates an impression, which somewhat dampens the credit of Rosecrans' victory. Lincoln it is stated, will take nominal command of the army; but the correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer asserts positively that McClellan will be restored to full and supreme power "with accumulated prestige, fresh material, and an impetus renewed and reinvigorated by recent events."

"Do you not know that the torch light horse race takes place to-night in honor of the goddess; there will be a vigil in addition; we will go after supper and amuse ourselves with sages and fools?"—*Plato's Republic.*

The coming 22d of February is to be celebrated, we are told, by the newspapers of the North, with great pomp and circumstances in that section; military reviews and martial ovations; pyrotechnic displays, and displays of oratory; popular balls, patriotic matinee, and other fetes fantastique, in one grand diabolical carnival, in desecration of the memory of the Father of Liberty!

When wicked men design fresh wickedness they work their intended infamy beneath the pretensions of great good; and it is an established fact that the devil is never so bent on mischief, as when he begins to quote scripture. Upon this principle the anticipated homage to the birth-day of Washington is merely another mode which Yankee jugglery has devised to throw dust in the eyes of the ignorant mob. The occasion we can well believe will be fitly improved by Lincoln, his satellites and juntae. The usual amount of spread-eagleism, of passionate allusion and fervid rhetoric will proceed out of the mouths of the followers of "anti-slavery bibles and anti-slavery gods," and pamphlets without number will be issued from the press of Boston, New York, and the Quaker city. Mr. Everett is to deliver an oration in Faneuil Hall, and Mr. Lincoln an address from the east portico of the Capitol. George Bancroft is up for the Gothamites, and John Forney "spreads himself" to the edification of those who choose to follow him to the Smithsonian Institute. Bonfires, banners and hullabuloo will be the order of the day; riot and unseemly mirth that of the night. The godless of liberty—so long abandoned and outcast by the people of the North—will be fished out of the gutter to whose slime she has been consigned, and clad in the folds of a perfumed flag, duly apostrophized. The spirit of the Father of his Country—forgotten and trodden under foot—will be called up from the hallowed shades of Vernon with a volubility as the souls of men are sumptuous by the table-tappers and spiritualists; and that dead and mortifying bird of freedom, the "American Eagle," will rear in fancy high among the skies and clouds of expediency, show and noise!

Vain effort! All the aspects of the well-beloved of the culprit can not recall the pure spirit of the honored dead; all the galvanic batteries of Yankee land cannot breathe a quiver of wholesome life into the eagle; and for that wretched bawd, which they call the "godless of liberty," and affect to worship, her disgrace is only augmented by the apparel they put upon her.

Here in the South we shall pay a different tribute to the day. We shall honor it by silent homage. It is said that the President will issue his proclamation of "fasting and prayer" as a fit commemoration of the trials, sacrifices and glories of Washington. They are types of our own heroes and martyrs, and whilst we remember and do reverence to the deeds and beauties of character, which have consecrated the name of the Father of his Country, we shall also bear in mind those Spartan virtues of manhood and those Southern virtues of womanhood, which adorn our page, and enoble our day.

A northern paper says: "Mrs. Major Ball Reynolds of Illinois, participated in a review of the Union troops at Langhorne, Tennessee. She wore a military costume and mounted a spirited charger."

Perhaps she adopted the "military costume" to the saddle and spurs. If she did—the next time she rides—

"My way to it is to see."

It is said that Lincoln is announcing that the counties of Western Virginia were to be called the "State of Kanawha," and he had "laid aside his overcoat and gloves, and intended to be President for awhile." He had better not lay aside the rest of his biggest. His constituents will mistake him for Barnum's "What is it?"

Our contemporary of the Register complains that the Illustrated News has stolen his biographical sketch of Gen. Cleburne without the proper credit. The Register need not make that complaint. The sketch is fearfully inaccurate—and not much credit to my body.

The Union Jack has been twisted over the wharf-boats at Memphis, by a Union jackass.

Mrs. Parsonage objects to the free use of her name in connection with foreign nobility, by President Lincoln, and so expresses herself in a letter to the Ape.

The cavalry service of the Confederate States challenges comparison with that of the most warlike nations and ages of the world, from the Mameluke of Egypt to the Chasseur d'Afrique of the French—from the Arab of the desert to the Irish dragoon; and the deeds of Morgan, Stewart, Wheeler, Forrest and Van Dorn, will be recorded by the side of the most romantic heroism of the embalmed of Castile.

Jones— lately connected partially with the Rebel—has written a five act tragedy on the career of Butler in New Orleans, which he wishes to sell. It is entitled "Beauty and the Beast."

[*Velletto's Correspondence of the Rebels.*]

I Charge a Battery of Bright Eyes! and get "awfully cut up."

I dropped in upon them like a bomb-shell. Five pretty girls in a damasked-curtained chamber made cheery by their presence and that of a blazing log-fire.

They all said, in a breath "Gracious," and why didn't you knock?"

I suppose I had surprised the enemy; Dorothy was in curl papers—(for it was seven in the morning)—and too early for her toilet; the raven tresses of Aspasia were undergoing the smoothing out process from the busy fingers of her sable tire-woman; Fanny, was reading the morning *Rebel*; Cleopatra (I call her Patti for short,) playing *solitaire* on her lap; and Mollie—delightful little Mollie—was warming her little gaunt feet on the big brass fender, disclosing just enough of a peep embroidery and immaculate white skirt, to set even the heart of an old fellow like me racing like a recruit's drum.

"Girls!" I said, resting a hand on each knee, and looking intently at the coals. They all looked up. The big lustreous eyes of Aspasia fixed themselves on me from beneath a veil of massy black tresses like twin stars through a sweeping vine.

"Girls," I again ejaculated—I'm going to be married!"

The pack dropped from Patti's lap and scattered at her feet; the paper went down from before her face and revealed the amputated arm.

She was silent but attentive—Mollie uttered a long low musical laugh from Aspasia.

It is astonishing what attentive listeners women are when you speak to them about marriage.

"What a diverting idea!" remarked Aspasia, her mouth not yet salivated.

"How extremely absurd," ejaculated Mollie.

"Why who in the name of common sense would marry *you*?" queried Dorothy.

"Still it amuses yourself," I added with a sort of *admiratio*—short if condescending.

"I have determined to marry one of you five," They looked at each other suspiciously.

"That's," concluded I, "if either one of you five will have me."

"They all said "uh," decisively—the whole five of 'em. As soon as to say—"poor old Mr. Happy is growing fatigued!" I had darted with them off, separately but extensively.

"You cannot deny girls," I remarked seriously that we have carried on "with each other, much."

Simultaneous reply of the group—"Tch!"

The subscriber now—paced the floor—returned to the fire—lit a Chattanooga Cuban cigar—and resumed.

"That you are all matrimonially inclined, there can be no question. Woman was made to love, and to marry. This philosophical maxim went up in a puff of blue smoke—an incuse offering to the increased group.

A southern belle completed her toilet and her slender figure rose like an ascending balloon majestically from the rocking-chair. "As for myself," she said, "I would not marry an Apollo with the wealth of Cæsar at his command, who had not acted the part of a man in this mighty contest for Southern supremacy, and who had not raised his arm in defense of his country."

I had always deemed Aspasia more than ordinarily beautiful. In the utterance of this little speech—the attitude, and all—I thought her glorious beyond compare. I laid the lustered cushion to the soul of Happy that he had already "raised his arm"—I say nothing of the rapidity with which he raised his leg whilst "getting further" from the Yankees at Fishing Creek. Aspasia went on:

"No! not that youth, no matter how humble his sphere, who bears the dreary 'heat' of the sentry through long nights of watching, should never be set aside and forgotten in the flattering presence of the stay-at-home gentle- man, who—

"Cape aubaine is a 'ladies chapter!'"

At this I whirled a succession of proverbs round the room on my heel—chased from right to left, with enchanting gracefulness and poised in front of the gaily ornate orator whom I made a Parisian obeisance, to let her see I "took" and keenly felt the "dangerous imminence."

"Oh, of course," she said "arming" me for a promenade to the street window—I don't alude to you. You are such a dear duck of a fellow, you know." Then she leaned heavily on the "duck's" arm, and the "duck" waddled an assent.

"No, Aspasia," said in a gentle monotone for the especial Aspasia ear, "I am a patriot, but I don't care about dying until I get mar-

ried. I heartily endorse the sentiment of the Roman Bard—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

But at the same time, imagine it must be a

heaviness.

"Dolor et saudam et matri."

For which reason I am here to-day.

Eros Sigma! I wouldn't mind another tilt or two in the field, but I leave from the obnoxious in the Charleston papers that "when the gods love die young"—and, so, conscious of the intense affection the gods have for your humble servant, I prefer to remain buried yet for a very long, lengthy period.

"Who in the world do you two find so interesting to talk about?" This shot came from the group at the fire. Before we could return the fire, the front bell rang, the door opened and a shotgun, booted and spurred, entered the apartment.

Then occurred a droll phenomenon:

Did you ever notice, reader, (especially during these war times) how frantically a set of girls will take to a soldier in gilt and button?

When I was young and materially inclined, I was an unmistakable sensation. Now, when this dragoon entered, I sank into immensity of insignificance. I was totally, suddenly extinguished. A hundred questions and twice as many tender glances were leveled at my rival.

All the dear creatures dearly love a soldier.

I don't mind that so much,

but to lavish their charming little affections upon that most unattractive of bachelors—a cavalry-man! Oh! Tempora! Oh! Mores!

My best jokes were lost in the general admiration of the new-comer. My freshest boyish, which I had been treasuring in my mental cabinet for a whole week, waiting for an opportunity to print it, with edit, and which I here shot out as a salvo to my adversary.

He didn't even produce a respectable retort. I marveled round to Fanny's corner. Fanny, who was standing with his back to the fire, anticipated the strategic movement, and inconsequently placed his foot, toe down, upon the seat I was about to occupy. As I sat down

she sat upon the spur, and rebuked me

sudden as to damage the mantel with my o'er

front! Thus you should have heard those laughters laugh.

"Hah! ha!"—Fanny (propane.)

"Hah! ha!"—M. (tear.)

"Hah! ha!"—Fancy (contralto.)

"Hah! ha!"—Cleopatra (soprano.)

"Hah! ha!"—I will die! —As per *Prima Donna.*

"Hah! HAH! HAH!"—Dragoon (Bassoon.)

To all of which—with blearing eyes and frowning brow—and an eye which threatened, if it did command, I seized my hat and gloves, placed my mother's under my arm, strode like the deceased father of Hamlet across to the fire, stood in it a moment, and with a terrible grin rolled back at the enemy:

"Yah! Yah! Yah-H-H-YAH!!"

Smashed the door and depicted amidst a perfect scream of anguish from the "full strength" of the company.

P. S.—The Honorable Weller has, and the subscriber are at the moment enjoying a period of separation, through the means of "divorce and separation" as a set off to "the separated spouses." We join the assemblymen in sorrow. My friend, we now, in a period of separation, at intervals, break out to the tune of "Get out of the wilderness" that merry old refrain of the bivouacs.

It is most to be pitied.

Give us back our boys.

Give us back our country.

And we are a poor home.

JOHN A. JONES.

John A. Jones, Esq.

Attala County, Tenn.

Legatee's Sale!

On Monday, the 21st of February, will be sold at

the late residence of Abraham Jones, in Park Row, and in front of the Post Office, the following articles:

1. A large white wood, not in well and in good time, Barn, Stables, two House, dwelling and kitchen, all fenced and nearly new. A good well of excellent water and a never failing pond for stock. To the garden house is attached a good 50 acre pasture, and a large garden, and a large orchard of fruit trees. The plantation is on Cedar Creek, about 17 miles from Corinth, and 14 miles from Kingston. Terms one-half cash and one-half 12 months, with interest. Also all debts, rents, taxes, and other expenses due on the place. Mortgage and good personal security will be required.

JOHN A. JONES.

John A. Jones, Esq.

Opposite the Post Office.

LAND FOR SALE.

10 ACRES, 1/2 miles west of Cedar Creek, with oak and hickory timber. Spring, two miles from town on the Western Atlantic Rail-Road. \$1000.00 cash or William E. Ward, the subscriber, will show the place to any person wishing to purchase. A bargain can be had in this land, on application to

J. H. WHILY.

Opposite the Post Office.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has a farm of some 250 acres of very good land, in good repair, in the present year. Good dwellings, and Negro slaves, with necessary dependencies, 4 miles of alluvium, Grundy County, Tenn., on the East Fork River.

For sale as tract, and for sale as a whole. Apply to JOHN A. JONES.